

The Critic

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Literature

The Barbary Corsairs *

THE SINGING of a bird brought the Prisoner of Chillon back to life and hope; perhaps the reading of this charming sea-book will show our misguided legislators the way to revive the perishing Navy! A string of Moorish settlements along the Southern Mediterranean kept Europe for a thousand years in terror; and this, not by encouraging the 'iron barons,' *alias* ironmongers, but by fostering the building of ships, removing all navigation laws that would handicap their construction, and producing fleets of swift, sound vessels that kept Italy, France, and Spain in salutary dread of encroachments.

In his new book, 'The Barbary Corsairs,' Mr. Lane-Poole has seen a capital theme for a boys' book and has worked on it to successful issues. Piracy has always been an attractive and exciting subject; and Moorish piracy, with its thrilling adventures, its long rakish-looking vessels, its many-colored crews, and Christian slaves, has moved Christendom from the times of Barbarossa and Lepanto to the times when American tars and American diplomacy put an end to it forever in the War with Tripoli. The Mediterranean has usually been the scene of piratic expeditions from the age of the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, reinforced at an early period by the brilliant and daring achievements of Norman vikings and Danish 'dragon-ships.' To this picturesque spot Mr. Lane-Poole confines himself. For centuries the Venetians, Pisans, English, French, Dutch and Scandinavian Governments bought off the Algerine rovers who levied blackmail on their passing fleets, purchasing indemnity by regular tribute; and it was not until the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, at the close of the Napoleonic wars in 1818, that the powers agreed to act together and abolish the scourge of Christendom. Even then little was done except by the United States, until France stepped in and conquered Algiers and the neighboring hives of corsairs; when the raids begun by Jason's filibustering expedition in search of the Golden Fleece ceased, and French hotels, railways, *gendarmes*, and *cafés-chantants* rose on the ruins of Moslem tyranny. The story of this long contest abounds in excitement and is filled with varied and vivid episodes, helped out, as in the other volumes of this series, by numerous pictures of ships and celebrities, maps and cities, men and things.

Mr. Lane-Poole bears flattering testimony to the honorable part borne by Commodores Preble and Decatur in putting an end to the atrocities of the Barbary States. His stories of the captivity of Christians, among them Cervantes, on these miserable shores; the cruelties of pashas and beys and deys; the adventures of the Maltese knights and their galleys; the many sieges, pursuits and conquests that diversified the long reign of misrule; and the eventual crushing by the French in our day of 'Abd-el-Kādir and his Arabs, and the establishment of order in Northern Africa: all this forms a 'Tangled Tale' dramatic to the end and worthy to be placed on the boyish shelves side by side with Marryatt and Clark Russell.

* The Story of the Barbary Corsairs. By Stanley Lane-Poole. \$1.50. (Story of the Nations.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Vol. III. of Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe"*

THE WORLD of scholars and the world of letters will turn with interest to the third and last volume of Fyffe's 'History of Modern Europe'; for the author is not only an accomplished scholar and original thinker, but a literary artist of far more than ordinary ability. Few who have read the calm yet brilliant judgment pronounced by him upon the first Napoleon can forget the impression it produced. His style is of the same school as that of Merivale—always dignified, and sometimes, as in his portrayures of the prominent actors upon his stage, rising to an impressive eloquence. His serenity of judgment, the complete absence of invective, the full and comprehensive generalizations of character and of motives, unite to render his history an object of admiration and a model to be imitated. His new volume continues the history of modern Europe from 1848 to 1878. It embraces, therefore, the revolutionary movements of '48, particular attention being given to those in Hungary and Italy; the period of the Second Empire; the rise of Italy and of Germany, the Franco-Prussian War; and the history of Eastern affairs. These pregnant decades are handled by Mr. Fyffe with remarkable skill, and an ability which, though his judgments may not always coincide with our prejudices, it is impossible not to admire. As he distinguished himself so greatly in his earlier estimate of Napoleon I., it is natural to turn first to his analysis of Napoleon III. This can be best given in his own words:—

There were in Napoleon III., as a man of State, two personalities, two mental existences, which blended but ill with one another. There was the contemplator of great human forces, the intelligent, if not deeply penetrative, reader of the signs of the times, the brooder through long years of imprisonment and exile, the child of Europe, to whom Germany, Italy, and England had all in turn been nearer than his own country; and there was the crowned adventurer, bound by his name and position to gain for France something that it did not possess, and to regard the greatness of every other nation as an impediment to the ascendancy of his own.

After a brief outline of the Mexican Expedition, the historian continues:—

The doom of Maximilian excited the compassion of Europe; a deep, irreparable wound was inflicted on the reputation of the man who had tempted him to his treacherous throne, who had guaranteed him protection, and at the bidding of a superior power had abandoned him to his ruin. From this time, though the outward splendor of the Empire was undiminished, there remained scarcely anything of the personal prestige which Napoleon had once enjoyed in so rich a measure. He was no longer in the eyes of Europe or of his own country the profound, self-contained statesman in whose brain lay the secret of coming events; he was rather the gambler whom fortune was preparing to desert, the usurper trembling for the future of his dynasty and his crown.

We quote briefly from the characterization of Cavour—the most brilliant in the book:—

The mind of Cavour was not one which could rest in mere passive expectancy as to the future, or in mere condemnation of the unwise schemes of others. His intelligence, so luminous, so penetrating, that in its utterances we seem at times to be listening to the very spirit of the age, ranged over wide fields of moral and of spiritual interests in its forecasts of the future of Italy, and spent its last force in one of those prophetic delineations whose breadth and power the world can feel, though a later time alone can judge of their correspondence with the destined course of history. . . . If, in spite of overwhelming difficulties, each crisis has hitherto been surmounted; if, with all that is faulty and infirm, the omens for the future of Italy are still favorable, one source of its good fortune has been the impress given to its ecclesiastical policy by the great statesman to whom above all other men it owes the accomplishment of its union, and who, while claiming for Italy the whole of its national inheritance, yet determined to inflict no needless wound upon the conscience of Rome.

These are but a few of the many noticeable and philosophical utterances of this volume, which no one can read without increased admiration for the author.

* History of Modern Europe. By C. A. Fyffe. Vol. III. \$2.50. Henry Holt & Co.

"A Century of American Literature"*

'THE LONG-PENT spirit rous'd to reminiscence' is abroad on all the heights and in all the fields, breathing its spring-like breath of resurrection in forgotten churchyards and among forgotten authors. Whether—to change the figure—it is a kindness to unwind the mummies, exhume the sheeted dead, read their cartouches, look into their immobile eyes, and fix their literary values, it is for the historian of literature to judge. Greece was a thousand years evolving the intellectual monuments and glories that unite Homer to the Sicilian idyllists. The reservoirs of Rome did not fill up with the light and lore of genius for seven centuries after the shepherds came down from Alba Longa. In Spain, in France, the wine lay on the lees hundreds of years before it clarified and yielded a perfect intellectual vintage. Italy lay still from Constantine to Dante, and there was a hush in England till the pilgrims gathered at the Tabard Inn in Southwark and set all the land a-jingle with the Canterbury Tales.

Mr. Huntington Smith feels all this and expresses it modestly in his preface; and yet he finds it necessary for scholastic purposes to chronicle the brief performances of American literature in its hundred years of existence. The purpose is a good one, and the anthology which he has gleaned may well accompany the more elaborate Stedman-Hutchinson Cyclopædia as a sort of Swedish luncheon before dinner. One cannot, however, call much of it—particularly that connected with the first fifty years of national existence—literature at all (except that sort which is spelt *litter-ature*). What there is during this formative period is judiciously selected from, though the selections are often painfully brief. Franklin, Patrick Henry, Tom Paine, Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Hamilton, Barlow, Marshall, Wirt, Kent, are names better known in political history, commentary, state-papers, than as representatives of 'literature,' Barlow and Franklin being the exceptions. Later on Lincoln is represented by his Gettysburg address, and the brilliant New England group of poets, novelists and transcendentalists are copiously quoted. A few Southern writers living and dead are introduced rather at hap-hazard (Cable, Craddock, etc., being omitted, while other living writers, such as Gayarré and Johnston, are quoted). More, possibly, could not be done without swelling the book to an unwieldy size and crowding it with names to which only fragmentary extracts could be attached. Even over most of those contained between the covers must, we fear, be inscribed the inexorable epitaph, *Morituri vos salutamus*.

"The Catholic Man"†

ONE IS A LITTLE puzzled at first by the title of Mrs. Turnbull's book, not knowing whether it is a compendious theology, an Ultramontane pamphlet, or a venture in imaginative art. It is a relief to find that it is the latter, and a very broad and touching study of the poet Sidney Lanier it is. It is not usual to subject living persons—or those just dead—to the idealizations of fiction: Alfred de Musset, Disraeli and George Sand attempted it with polemic intent; but Mrs. Turnbull treats her theme so reverently that one's regret for the poet's irreparable loss is heightened by her refined and skilful treatment of what she conceives to have been his character. That a lovable, accomplished and manysided man passed away in him the world has long known, not only from Dr. Ward's admirable biography of the poet, but from his own poems, scientific writings, and editions of the romances of chivalry. It seems almost beyond belief that so beautiful a flower could grow so near the edge of Tartarus,—that so glowing and gracious a talent could ripen in the heats of war, and diffuse its sweetness over the land while that great and aching chasm lay impassable between the

North and the South; that out of clamor and hate, antagonism and bullet-whistle could emerge a voice so delicately musical, so penetrated with the beauty and rhythm of the world, so universal in its love of culture and of all mankind. It may truly be said that Lanier turned his sword not into a ploughshare but into a flute: his lyre lifted its ærial melodies after the din of battle as though no battle had been, only freighted with a richer and deeper something that had sprung from the sodden field.

Mrs. Turnbull makes a study from life of this lovely soul, not with impertinent biographical detail, but as she imagines such a soul would have acted in given circumstances with all its gifts and catholicities of taste. She transposes scenes and events, places him North, endows him with Greek scholarship and mastery of the violin, brings him in contact with a high-born soul of the other sex, and evolves a charming romance that has but one discord. For it is a discord, in our opinion, to make the brother of the heroine enlist in and then desert from the Confederate Army: not simply desert, but turn like a tiger on the people whom for a year he had been pretending to serve. Harry's whole conduct in the Confederacy would have been an impossibility at that time; and to couple such flagrant misconduct with the virtues and heroism ascribed to him after he deserted, produces a moral and artistic clash that well-nigh spoils all the rest of the book. Florence, the *bien aimée* of Paul, is a fine character, rather too full of 'mission' and *welt-schmerz*, to be sure, but firm in outline and comprehensible in detail throughout. The book is a study in household psychologies of varied nature: mother, father, sons, daughter, all differ but all harmonize, and the differences and harmonies blend as deftly as the pigments in a Persian rug.

Vol. II. of McCarthy's "Four Georges"*

THE SECOND VOLUME of 'The Four Georges' is devoted to the years 1733–60, including the greater part of the reign of George II. It is interesting to observe Mr. McCarthy's treatment of Walpole, and his estimate of that statesman. Two hundred out of the three hundred pages of the book are occupied with nine years of Walpole's administration, while the remaining nineteen years of George II.'s reign are crowded into the narrow compass of one hundred. Mr. McCarthy, while admitting, as a matter of course, that Walpole was a great man and a great statesman, seems to take for granted as true that lower estimate of his political character which has been so ably confuted by Mr. Morley in his late 'Life of Walpole.' In speaking of the election of 1734 he says:—'Walpole scattered his purchase-money everywhere; he sowed with the sack and not with the hand, to adopt the famous saying applied by a Greek poetess to Pindar. In supporting two candidates for Norfolk, who were both beaten, despite his support, he spent out of his private fortune at least 10,000*l.*; one contemporary says 60,000*l.*, But Mr Morley says (page 123):—

With unanswerable force it has been asked by Sir Robert Pee and other men of experience in public affairs how it came about that if Walpole did really corrupt his age, and if the foundation of his strength was the systematic misapplication of the public money to the purposes of bribery, yet a select committee of twenty-one members—nineteen of them his bitter enemies,—appointed after his fall to lay a siege to his past life equal in duration to the siege of Troy, produced no specific facts to support the allegations of bribery which had been used every week, every day, for so many years, to inflame public resentment against him? Two of the great heads of accusation shrunk up to miserable dimensions, and the third remained a matter of vague and unsupported inference. Would so lame and impotent a conclusion have been possible if substantial grounds for the accusation had been in existence?

These calm and well-supported statements would seem to be conclusive, and the legend of 'Walpole and Corruption' must, like many other time-honored fables, be consigned to the limbo of unbelief.

* A Century of American Literature: From Benjamin Franklin to James Russell Lowell. Chosen and Arranged by Huntington Smith. \$2.75. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

† The Catholic Man. By Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull. \$1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

* The Four Georges. By Justin McCarthy. Vol. II. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Bros.

In his accustomed taking way Mr. McCarthy discourses of Queen Caroline and the Princesses, and of the Prince of Wales and his famous estrangement from the King. Amid all the vulgarity and pettiness of the Court, the family quarrels and the political intrigues, the figures of the Queen and of Walpole stand up as the two which, in a more favorable environment, might have attained something of the heroic. Queen Caroline, farseeing when George II. was obtuse, witty when he was stupid, faithful while he was profligate, suffering in silence in order that the King's equanimity might not be disturbed, and dying amid his effusive tears and brutal though unintended insults, appeals to our pity with a pathos that perhaps she does not entirely deserve, but which will never be denied her. Many apt allusions to the literary character of the age add grace and vivacity to the narrative.

"Lectures on Russian Literature" *

IN HIS ODD if earnest 'Lectures on Russian Literature,' Mr. Ivan Panin throws much needed light on the four great pillars of Russian literary life—Pushkin, Gogol, Tourguénoff, and Tolstoi. These are the four names twined by most people who admire Russia in a quadruple love-knot, and to most they represent all that the Great Bear has produced. The lectures are singularly earnest and incisive in tone, and convey a large amount of excellent analysis and information, spoiled only by the extraordinary Biblical language in which they were delivered and are now printed. An excessively disagreeable use of 'unto' for 'to,' 'spake' for 'spoke,' 'writ' for 'written,' of the termination *-eth* in verbs, etc., disfigures the context and produces on the reader an almost comic effect. In a single sentence on pages 155-6 we have counted thirty verbs ending in *-eth*. The lecturer is a deep student of the Bible; he preaches rather than lectures, and his discourse is divided and subdivided into innumerable 'firsts,' 'seconds,' 'thirds,' etc., till one is in doubt whether he is reading a sermon or an essay. The form of statement is devoutly dogmatic, and the language shows a remarkable command over English. It cuts and slashes right and left into accepted opinions, and lays down the law on Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot, and many other things, in a manner frightful to their admirers. To Mr. Panin, Pushkin is the singer—the Russian Byron; Gogol is the protester, and satirist of autocracy; Tourguénoff is the fighter; Tolstoi the preacher, the inspirer, the universal genius, not simply Russian but cosmopolitan. His admiration for these men is boundless and extravagant, not to say uncritical; for he does not hesitate to place Gogol by the side of Homer and 'Taras Bulba' on a level with the 'Iliad.' Here we will leave him.

Minor Notices

'NEW LIGHT FROM OLD ECLIPSES' is a book of more than usual interest. The author, William M. Page, is a St. Louis layman whose favorite study is the application of astronomy to chronology. The sub-title of his work is 'Chronology Corrected, and the Four Gospels Harmonized by the Rectification of Errors in the Received Astronomical Tables.' Mr. Page claims that the tables commonly used by astronomers are inaccurate, because of neglected seconds of time, making, in long eras, not one discrepancy merely, but a series of errors. By his rectifications he avers that the eclipses described or referred to by ancient historians can be correctly calculated, and proved nearly exact as to quantity. Hence, he feels able to reconcile the many apparent contradictions of ancient chronology, and to answer with certainty the vexed questions which arise as to the times of occurrences recorded in the New Testament. The first or chronological portion of Mr. Page's book—fortified with tables, pictures of eclipses, and comparison of Scriptural and secular data—may be thus summarized: Jesus was born about the Passover season of B.C. 3, he began to preach publicly A.D. 28, his ministry lasted one year, and he was crucified on Thursday, March 17, A.D. 29. In Book Second the four narratives of our Savior's life are combined in one, the composite being based on the chronology of Book First. Probably the competent judge of the value of such

a treatise is the expert astronomer, rather than the literary critic; and, modestly we suggest it, had we been the author, we should have had the manuscript read and criticised by a scientific inhabitant of observatories, rather than by our family clergyman. In his critical use of the text Mr. Page is rather free, and some of his animadversions on the work of the revisers are not strikingly happy. In his house of glass, he persists in throwing stones. Especially infelicitous, though very ingenious, is his stricture upon the omission, in the Revised Version, of the paragraph about the angel that came down to trouble the pool at Bethesda. His calling the last book of the Bible 'Revelations' is a vulgar error. With all its blemishes, however, this book is stimulating and unique. It is a mixture of devout rationalism, and reasonable faith in the supernatural. Mr. Page is to publish another work of like nature. (\$2.50. St. Louis: C. R. Barnes Pub. Co.)

'OMNIA RERUM EX OVO' is the motto which Anna Barrows has chosen for her book on 'Eggs: Facts and Fancies about Them'; and it is so far itself like an egg, that very wonderful things may be hatched out of it. She remarks that Tennyson uses the simile 'bald as an egg'; which reminds us that an earlier writer, Mr. François Villon, has some remarks on the shearing of eggs and the shaving of apples—remarks which we do not believe to have as much practical value as Miss Barrows's about 'stuffed eggs' and *lait de poule*. The mythology of the egg is translated for us out of Gebelin's 'Histoire Religieuse du Calendrier'; egg superstitions are collected from Sir Thomas Browne, Reginald Scot, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and there is a very learned chapter on Easter-eggs, from which we learn how to bottle an egg and make it dance, and how to make old ladies and gentlemen (of egg-shells) who will persistently stand on their heads. A chapter on eggs in literature is made up of quotations from Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Bishop Hall, Lowell, Holmes, and Hawthorne. These extracts are very well in their way; and so are the egg-recipes, farther on; but the whole science and poetry of egg-cookery are contained in Friar O'Meara's song in 'The Water-grasshill Carousal,' which we are surprised to find omitted. Here is a stanza:—

Three different ways there are of eating them;

First boiled, then fried with salt,—

But there's a particular way of treating them,

Where many a cook's at fault:

For with parsley and flour

'Tis in Margery's power

To make up a dish,

Neither meat, fowl, nor fish;

But in Paris they call't

A neat

Omelette.

Sweet girl!

In truth, as in Latin, her name is a pearl,

When she gets

Me a platter of nice omelettes. (\$1. D. Lothrop Co.)

IN THE SERIES entitled the Expositor's Bible, designed to encourage consecutive preaching on the various books of the Bible, we now have the eighteenth volume, on 'Judges and Ruth.' These two books of the Bible have fallen into competent hands, for the author enters with ability and sympathy into his subject. Already favorably known as a writer by his 'Gospels of Yesterday,' the Rev. R. A. Watson adds decidedly to his reputation as an exegete and homilist by his study of the times of the Hebrew Judges. His titles to the twenty-five discourses on Judges and to the five on Ruth are happily chosen, and the two books are treated with a due sense of symmetry. In both the study of the lesson and in its practical application, the author shows himself a man of letters and of the people. In his attitude toward the text, he belongs to the 'orthodoxy' which is slowly passing away. He assumes that the legislation contained in the so-called 'five books of Moses' was already written in the time of Joshua. Hence, he finds to his 'amazement' that 'the Mosaic Law and Ordinances are neglected for a time.' The volume is indexed, and is one of the best in the series. (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

THERE IS IN LONDON an organization of socialists known as the Fabian Society, and they have just issued a volume designed to enlighten the world as to their doctrines and aims. It is entitled 'Fabian Essays in Socialism,' the essays, by seven different authors, being edited by G. Bernard Shaw. They were originally lectures, mostly to popular audiences; and they give a clear and succinct account of the principal theories of the socialists and of their practical aims. The book really consists of two parts, the papers in the first part treating of the economic evils of our existing society and of their historical origin, while those in the

* Lectures on Russian Literature. By Ivan Panin. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

second part attempt to set forth the organization of society and of industry under state socialism. The arguments employed by the essayists are, of course, those with which educated people are already familiar; but they are expressed more temperately as well as more clearly than in most books of the kind that we have seen. The unbounded confidence of the writers in the righteousness of their cause is apparent throughout the volume; as, for instance, in the following remark by Mr. Shaw: 'That our own civilization is already in an advanced stage of rottenness may be taken as statistically proved. That further decay instead of improvement must ensue if the institution of private property be maintained, is economically certain' (page 24). And, again, the same writer says: 'It will be at once seen that the valid objections to socialism consist wholly of practical difficulties. On the ground of abstract justice, socialism is not only unobjectionable but sacredly imperative' (page 180). It is evident, however, from various remarks in this book that the socialist leaders have abandoned all expectation of introducing their new system very soon, and that they look to the distant future for the realization of their hopes. They have learned, in fact, though they don't like to admit it, that the mass of workingmen are not socialists; and this is the real cause of their present moderation. (London: Fabian Society.)

ONE OF THE NEATEST in appearance of the handsome little Knickerbocker Nuggets is 'The Garden,' with a critical essay by Walter Howe on the essays by polite writers of which the body of the volume is made up, and a portrait of 'the father of modern gardening,' William Kent, fac-similed from Walpole's 'Anecdotes.' The elder Pliny heads the list of polite writers who, to use his words, 'ennoble a subject so humble in itself.' There follow Pliny the younger with his celebrated descriptions, Bacon's still more celebrated essay, Sir William Temple's 'Gardens of Epicurus,' screeds from *The Spectator* and *The Guardian*, one of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Italian letters, and extracts from Goldsmith, Whately and Walpole, winding up with John Evelyn's 'On Fences and Quicksets,' in praise of hawthorns, furze and the terrible *oxycantha*. The Introduction fills many a gap in this somewhat thinly set line of 'polite writers.' Taine's description of the Villa Albani is quoted, and there is some account of the Petit Trianon. Shenstone's 'Thoughts' and Gilpin's 'Picturesque Beauty' are drawn upon, and the wealth of new material available to the landscape-gardener of the present day is glanced at. The perennial discussion about the formal *vs.* the natural style is touched upon; but the writer's preference is for that style which is neither and both, which owes nothing to Le Notre or to Kent, 'which began when Adam delved; that which we may call the cottage-garden style, with its mingling of use and ornament, of wild and tame, of homely kitchen-truck with weeds of glorious feature. For our own part, if we were to take to the clipped and formal, we should probably not stop short of Goldsmith's 'lavender pig with sage growing in his belly.' (§1. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

WE BELIEVE THAT it has never yet been claimed for the bicycle that it may be made the means of conveying a liberal education. But studied as Mr. Robert E. Scott studies it in his 'Cycling Art,' the 'Cycle' seems capable of developing thought as well as muscle, of giving æsthetic as well as physical pleasure. Even the reader who is not a practical wheelman may find both amusement and instruction in Mr. Scott's book, and experience on laying it down that sentiment of grateful admiration for its author which is the highest result of a true work of art. Mr. Scott not only brings to bear upon bicycle problems the sciences of anatomy, animal locomotion, and kinematics; he not only investigates the physical and artistic properties of aluminium bronze, invents the cyclograph, expounds the law of whirling bodies for the benefit of the Rochester Club; but he adds from the Patent Office reports a remarkable collection of grotesque devices which we recommend to the attentive perusal of Messrs. Clemens and Stockton: there is a lot of potential humor in some of them. His own work of exposition and suggestion is as neatly and compactly arranged as the parts of a first-class modern machine, while his manner is as lively as that of the 'old kangaroo.' (§2. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE LATEST ISSUE in the Questions of the Day Series is a work on 'American Farms,' by J. R. Elliott. The author is struck, as many other persons have been, by the decline in the value of farms in the older parts of this country, as well as by the increase of farm mortgages even in the West; and he shows that similar phenomena are becoming visible in the Canadian provinces. Everywhere the small farmers seem to be declining in prosperity, either absolutely or in comparison with other classes of the people; while the increase of mortgages leads our author to fear that the land will ultimately pass out of the hands of the small farmers into

those of wealthy capitalists. How far these forebodings are justified it is not easy to say, but there can be no doubt that American farmers are a good deal embarrassed. What the causes of their embarrassment may be is a difficult question, also, and we cannot think that Mr. Elliott has done very much towards answering it. He lays the blame almost entirely on the protective tariff, which is no doubt responsible for a part; but we suspect there are other causes of a deeper character, which legislation is powerless to remove. We are obliged to add that Mr. Elliott's book has altogether too many literary mistakes, both in grammar and in the use of words. (§1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

IT IS A CURIOUS job-lot of names that Amelia J. Calver sets out in her 'Everyday Biography.' January, indeed, makes a very respectable beginning with Edmund Burke, Paul Revere and Mad Antony Wayne, all of whom began life squarely with the first day of the year. Jan. 3 couples Marcus Tullius Cicero with Lucretia Mott. March 3 brings Waller and his Saccharissa into alarming proximity to Dio Lewis, 'an American reformer of the essentials requisite to the health of women.' June 4 weds George III., King of Great Britain, to Alta Q. Hulet, 'the eminent lady-lawyer of Chicago.' Cotton Tufts and Dr. Hannah E. Longshore illustrate May 30; and Nelson Sizer makes of May 21 a red-letter day. Mr. Sizer is, it seems, a 'phenological examiner' in the office of the publishers of the book. (§1.50.)—'PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING,' by Bates Torrey, gives a graduated series of exercises on the typewriter from combinations of two or three letters up to long words like 'uncontradicted,' and thence to bills-of-lading, poems, fancy borders and a report of the 'Cross-Examination of Mrs. D.' Mr. Bates insists on the 'all-finger' method—that is, the method by which all the fingers of both hands are employed, conducting greatly to speed. He also recommends practice in writing by touch without looking at the keys. Much useful information about the management and care of the type-writing machine, about dictating, punctuation, legal and other forms, abbreviations, etc., is given, and there are several pages of fac-similes of type-written matter. The book is neatly bound in cloth. (§1. Fowler & Wells.)

HOW TO TELL what cards have been drawn, and what have been thought of; how to pass a card to the pocket of an innocent spectator; to make chosen cards rise from the pack, change suit and vanish; to change queens to kings; to make cards diminish and dissolve; to catch a chosen card on the point of a sword; to find it in a candle or a cigar; to print cards with smoke; to pass a card through a hat; to palm a card, to make the 'pass' or the 'salted cut'; to use long cards and *cartes biseautées*; to make the 'shuffle,' the 'slip' and the 'ruffle'; what to do with *pochettes* and *profondes*, with *la houlette* and *la servante*, may be learned from Prof. Hoffmann's 'Tricks with Cards.' A couple of hours steady practice daily for three months will, he assures us, make the student a very fair card-conjurer, and half a dozen assorted tricks may be learned in much less time. (§1. Frederick Warne & Co.)

WE HAVE RECEIVED the following pamphlets, of which we can make but the merest acknowledgment:—References to the Constitution of the United States, a valuable bit of bibliography compiled by Librarian W. E. Foster of the Providence (R. I.) Public Library, and published by the Society for Political Education as No. XXIX. of its Economic Tracts. (25 cts.)—'Miracles in Nature and in Revelation, and Especially the Great Miracle of Our Lord's Resurrection from the Dead,' by the Rev. Dr. W. D. Wilson of Cornell University and St. Andrew's Divinity School. (Thos. Whittaker.)—'The Fallacy of Christian Science,' by the Rev. Dr. Edward P. Terhune of the First Reformed Church, Brooklyn. (15 cts. New York: Albert B. King.)—'The Public Schools and the Catholics,' by Joseph Henry Crooker, who advocates dispassionate discussion of this 'burning question.' (Madison, Wis.: J. H. Crooker.)—'Primitive Architecture,' by Barr Ferree, being a reprint of two recent papers, one on 'Sociological' and the other on 'Climatic Influences.' (29 Park Row, New York.)—'The Ventilation of Buildings,' by Alfred R. Wolff, M. E. (25 cts. 315 Potter Building, New York.)—'The Rascalities of High Railroad Officials, and How to Check and to Correct Them,' by William Passmore, a full and minute statement of the alleged 'rascalities' of the Vice-President and General Manager of a well-known road. In his introductory remarks, the name of GOD, in staring capitals, is invoked by the pamphleteer with a flippant frequency that must have emptied certain boxes in the printer's case before the narrative proper was begun. (Hammonton, N. J.)—'Plant Organization,' by Prof. R. Halsted Ward of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, a review, for beginners, of the structure and morphology of plants, with diagrammatic illustrations. (85 cts. Ginn & Co.)—'The Cam-

den Mountains: The Norway of America,' by Wm. Goodrich Beal, an illustrated handbook of mountain, ocean and lake scenery on the coast of Maine. (25 cts. Lee & Shepard.)—The Gipsy Queen Dream Book,' by Mme. Juno. (10 cts. Excelsior Pub. House.)

'PASCOE'S LONDON of To-Day' is a guide-book of a novel variety, which introduces the traveller to the newest things, much as a Chicago guide-book might do. The London electric-lighting system, the most recently erected hotels, the newest clubs, the fads of the day are given first place. There is information about houses and flats for those who wish to settle down for a while; and about restaurants, the Court, Parliament, and other places of interest or amusement. A few of the customary sights are noticed last. (\$1.50. Roberts Bros.)—'CASSELL'S COMPLETE POCKET GUIDE to Europe' can actually be taken in the pocket of a sack-coat; yet it contains nearly five hundred pages of solidly packed information about the routes usually covered in a European tour, and is printed in bold type. It is well supplied with maps and plans, has a traveller's vocabulary in four languages, a list of United States Consuls, a telegraph code and index. (\$1.50. Cassell Pub. Co.)—'THE SWISS GUIDE' of the Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D., combines religious instruction with pictures of peaks and glaciers, and is, in short, a sermon in disguise. Dr. Parkhurst's leading idea being to use the dangers of Alpine climbing as symbolical of those of our progress toward heaven. It is neatly printed. (50 cts. New York: Fleming D. Revell.)

MR. J. BLEECKER MILLER'S work on 'Trade Organizations in Politics,' first published some three years ago, is intended to set forth the author's ideal of a representative government. He holds that representation by districts is improper, except in a purely agricultural community; and he wishes to have the people organized and represented according to the trades they carry on. In other words, he would have the members of each trade choose men to represent them and their business in the legislature, so that this body would be a mere organ of business interests. This scheme strikes us as absurd and even mischievous, and the author's arguments in its favor are lame and inconclusive. Besides the essay on this subject, the volume before us contains a rambling discussion of the social contract theory, which we should think had been discussed enough already, and also a series of discourses on 'Progress and Robbery,' in reply to Henry George. These latter papers contain some good points, and the author would have done better to keep to such discussions instead of bringing forth a scheme for reorganizing free government. (Baker & Taylor Co.)

THOUGH WE MUST not look a gift horse in the mouth, we may reasonably object to the cheap appearance of a cheap book. Prescott's 'Conquest of Peru,' in two cloth-bound volumes, at one dollar, is certainly cheap; but if it is worth the money, it ought to be worth enough more to enable the publisher to pay a little attention to the press-work, which is in many places wretched. The type is very good, and with more careful printing the paper might pass. The book is one of a class which a poor man can very well afford to leave unread, not being first-class literature nor giving accurate information; and those who may care to read it will probably prefer to have it in a better style of printing. (John B. Alden.)—ONE hates to be disrespectful to a man who, in more ways than one, is entitled to respect and consideration. Mr. W. W. Story's two volumes of 'Conversations in a Studio' can, however, only take away from, rather than add to, his reputation. As one turns over the pages (550 of them) the eye is never arrested, save by truisms at once naïve and daring, by phrases and comments that fairly surprise us by their triteness, and anecdotes trumped up from every possible scrap-bag of the ages—the whole indexed with a care that leaves us vaguely conscious of a vast delusion somewhere. Unfortunately Mr. Story dooms himself in quoting Sheridan's 'mot,' 'Easy writing makes d—d hard reading,' and it is with regret that one sees so talented a man fall into the snare from which he warns others less gifted than himself. (\$2.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Shakespeare Memorial Library at Stratford.—A fresh appeal has been made by the officers of this library for contributions of American editions of Shakespeare, with which it is now very poorly supplied. A list of all these editions known to the officers has been printed, and I understand that copies of it may be obtained from Horace P. Chandler, Esq., 53 Devonshire Street, Boston, who is also authorized to receive donations of books for the library. The list is incomplete and inaccurate, but it will at

least serve to show what editions are now in the library, these being marked with an asterisk. Among them are Grant White's, Hudson's (the 'Harvard' edition), Furness's 'New Variorum,' and Rolfe's; but there are very few others of any note. It is to be hoped that this appeal may bring in many new contributions from publishers and others.

A Stratford paper sent me by a friend gives a long account of some recent gifts and purchases for the library. Among these is a curious old record of the 'Newgate Calendar' kind, written by one Alexander Smith, and published probably (the title and last pages are missing) in the early part of the last century. It is called 'The History of the Highwaymen, Footpads, &c., for above 100 years past'; but it begins with 'Sir John Falstaff, a highwayman, who lived in the reigns of Kings Henry the Fourth and Fifth.' The preface says:—

As for the order of time wherein these most notorious criminals suffered death, we have not confined ourselves to that exactness, but have given them precedence according as they excelled one another in villainy. In their several characters the reader will find the most unaccountable relations of irregular actions as ever were heard, penn'd al from their own mouths, not borrowed from the account given of malefactors by any of the Ordinaries of Newgate.

So far, however, as Sir John is concerned, a large part of his story is admittedly derived from Shakespeare; and it is more than probable that Smith got the rest by evolution from his own consciousness. We are told that Falstaff was born at Potten, in Bedfordshire, but, having little property and less principle, took to bad courses to replenish his purse, going on the highway in the company of Poins, Bardolph, and Peto. After describing the Knight's adventures as found in the plays, the veracious chronicler adds:—

Thus much for the character which Shakespeare gives of this person, who, to embellish his play of Henry the Fourth, brings him in (by a poetical license) as the greatest of cowards, when, indeed, we find from authentic history that he was quite the reverse, for he behaved himself with such bravery against the Yorkists that the aforesaid King allowed him a pension of 400 marks per annum, a great estate in those days, but not being sufficient to support his exorbitant licentiousness he took the resolution of rifling innocent passengers upon the highway. Upon this unlawful project he first went by himself, but the age being vicious then, as well as in these days, it was not long before he had some other riotous gentlemen listed under his wicked banners, namely Poins, Bardolph, Peto, Harvey, and Rossil.

According to Smith, the number of robberies committed by these men was incredibly large, and extended over a circuit of a hundred miles in Surrey, Sussex, and Kent. At last the fat Knight was caught, committed to Maidstone jail, and condemned to the gallows. The King, however, granted him a pardon on condition that he left the country within a month never to return; and the thought of this 'so struck him to the heart that before the time for transporting himself expired he died with grief, and was interred by his ancestors in Bedfordshire.'

It will be recollected that in the old play of 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,' from which Shakespeare drew some of the materials of his 'Henry IV.' and 'Henry V.,' a Sir John Oldcastle appears as one of Prince Hal's wild companions; and there can be no doubt that the dramatist at first adopted this name for the portly personage who has since become immortal as Falstaff. In the first (1600) quarto edition of '2 Henry IV.,' the prefix 'Old' is found before one of Jack's speeches; and Henry's calling the knight 'my old lad of the castle' ('1 Henry IV.,' i. 2. 47) is pretty certainly a play upon his original name. It may be noted also that in line 15 of the same scene, 'away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,' the poet appears to have changed the name without noticing that the metre was left halting by the loss of a syllable. The name was altered because it gave offence to the family of Sir John Oldcastle, 'the good Lord Cobham,' who, as the epilogue of '2 Henry IV.,' states, 'died a martyr.' The new name was apparently suggested by that of Sir John Fastolfe, who figured in the French wars of the time of Henry VI., and appears as a coward in '1 Henry VI.' Fuller seems to have thought better of Fastolfe, for in his 'Worthies' he refers to this change of names thus:

As I am glad that Sir John Oldcastle is put out, so I am sorry that Sir John Fastolfe is put in. . . . Nor is our comedian excusable by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstaffe. . . . seeing the vicinity of sounds intrench on the memory of that worthy knight.

Oldys, who evidently knew nothing of the highwayman Falstaff, replying to Fuller remarks: 'We believe there is no real character to be read of in all history that can be justly disparaged by any application, discernibly intended, of this imaginary one in poetry.'

If Smith's Falstaff is a real character, our Shakespearian friends in England will not be slow to find out more about him.

Mr. R. G. Moulton Coming to America.—I learn, by a private note from Dr. Furnivall, that Mr. R. G. Moulton, author of 'Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist' and other works, intends to visit this country during the coming season, and will come prepared to lecture on literary and related subjects. His lectures at Oxford and elsewhere in England are said to have been received with much favor, and he will doubtless be as cordially welcomed here.

Shakespeare at the Dinner-Table.—I am indebted to the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society for a copy of the *menu* of their seventeenth annual dinner, duly eaten on the 23d of April. The hundred and more quotations upon it are all from the last three acts of 'Macbeth,' which have constituted the winter's study of the Society. All are apt and witty, many particularly so. The references to the banquet in iii. 1 and 4 naturally furnish easy ones for the introduction; like 'Fail not our Feast,' 'To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,' 'Now good digestion,' etc., 'Anon we'll drink a measure,' and the like. Among other good things as sauce for the 'Little-Neck Clams' we have:

the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd (iii. 1);

'resolve yourselves apart' (iii. 1); 'I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd bound in' (iii. 4); 'they shall be open'd' (iv. 3); and 'in that rawness.' The best under the 'Cutlets of Delaware Shad' is perhaps 'from my bones my flesh be hack'd.' The 'Cucumbers' suggest eight felicitous bits, among which are: 'things without all remedy' (iii. 4); 'I doubt some danger does approach you nearly' (iv. 2); 'Let's make us medicines'; and the stage-direction, 'Enter a Doctor of Physic.' With the 'New Potatoes' are served up: 'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes' (iii. 4); 'Unfix his earth-bound root' (iv. 1); and 'I will advise you where to plant yourselves' (iii. 1). The 'Potato Chips' that come later in the banquet are ushered in by a couple of quotations the punning aptitude whereof may not be recognized by the more guileless of our readers: 'I'll call upon you straight' (iii. 1), and the stage-direction, 'A show of eight kings.' Another stage-direction, 'Enter Servant and two Murtheers,' comes in happily with 'Cheese—Roquefort and De Brie'; and 'Hum! I guess at it' (iv. 3) is another good one in the same odorous connection. 'What, you egg!' is a fitting apostrophe to the 'Omelette Soufflée,' which is aptly described withal as 'all swoln' (iv. 3). 'Give us a light there, ho!' (iii. 3) calls in the 'Cigarettes,' made of 'the sear, the yellow leaf' (v. 3). The adjournment comes at last, with many humorous hits, like:

When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there (v. 2);
With some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom (v. 3);
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once (iii. 4);

and the ominous hint, 'safe in a ditch he bides' (iii. 4) for those who may not get safely home; and the dubious conjugal greeting for those who do: 'Wife. Now God help thee!' (iv. 2). In the *menu*, which is a handsomely printed quarto of eight pages, the quotations are all given as they appear in the Folio text of 1623.

A friend has sent me another *menu* pleasantly garnished with quotations from Shakespeare, being that of a dinner of California Pioneers from New England at the Raymond Hotel, East Pasadena, Cal., on the 18th of April. I regret that I must not take further space for extracts from it.

Magazine Notes

The Century for May opens with a description of a new lot of portraits and other relics of George Washington. An engraving after a portrait by Wright is the frontispiece. Other portraits, by Archibald Robertson, follow; and then cuts of miniatures, decanters, cuff-buttons and drawing instruments from the collections of Mr. Edmund Law Rogers and Mrs. B. W. Kennon. Many of these relics seem to be worthy of preservation because of their beauty even apart from their associations. What to think about Marie Bashkirtseff is a question that seems to be agitating a good many clever people. Two views, one favorable, the other adverse, are here presented, which agree, if it is nothing else, in showing her as something abnormal. There is a capital woodcut after her portrait of herself, a portrait not flattering but which should be seen before any more views are formed. Her picture of 'A Meeting' of school-boys is also engraved. Amelia Gere Mason tells us of 'The Women of the French Salons' of the seventeenth century, and the illustrations to her article show us how Marguerite de Valois looked, and Mme. de Maintenon, Mlle. de Scudéry and Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, the Marquise de Sévigné, and many others. 'Chickens for Use and Beauty,' by H. S. Babcock, brings to the fore some American breeds, the silver-laced Wyandotte, the barred Plymouth Rocks, and game-cocks as ugly

as they are useless. Several of the illustrations are very fine specimens of wood-engraving. A short but appreciative article is devoted to Theodore O'Hara, the poet of a single poem, 'The Bivouac of the Dead,' which is given in full, with a portrait of the author in civil costume. Decoration Day is further remembered by Brander Matthews in a 'Revery'; by John Vance Cheney in a Pindaric ode, 'The Fallen'; and by Walt Whitman, whose 'Twilight Song' of a few long lines is the most effective of all in recalling the realities of war days. Joseph Jefferson's 'Autobiography' takes us to Australia in 1861; there are a few short stories; and a sonnet,

I vex me not with brooding on the years

by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Two pages of the magazine show in fac-simile how the Russian censor has treated George Kennan's article on 'State Criminals at the Kara Mines' in *The Century* for August, 1889.

The heroes of the 'Iliad' have been compared of late with those of the Ossianic cycle, of the Finnish lays and the Icelandic sagas; and now comes Mr. William Churchill in *The New Englander* for April, and boldly likens them and their doings to the heroic savages of Fiji. It is an instructive parallel, for Fijian life is certainly, in some things, on the same plane with the old Greek; they live in towns under the personal rule of their chiefs, make expeditions in their huge war-canoes, enjoy a single combat between their leaders before joining in the *mêlée*, relegate work to their women and slaves, and are fond of boasting and fine language. Mr. Churchill made the experiment of translating a long passage of the 'Odyssey' in Fijian, and was rewarded for his recital of it with a burst of applause, and the admission that Ulysses was 'a true Fijian.' In the third of a series of articles on French Landscape-painting, Prof. J. M. Hoppin of the Yale Art School gives short appreciations of Jules Dupré, Corot, Diaz, Daubigny, Millet and Bastien Le Page. What he has to say is neither new nor, we think, wholly true, excepting in the short paragraph on Corot.

There are two papers in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* for April which deal with questions of immediate practical importance. The first, by President Francis A. Walker, is on 'Protection and Protectionists,' and treats of certain minor aspects of the tariff question without much discussion of the general principle. The author calls special attention to the fact that protection is now advocated by most of its champions as a permanent policy, a thing not intended or contemplated by the protectionists of earlier days; but he predicts that this extreme ground will soon have to be abandoned. The other article alluded to is by Prof. Taussig, on 'The Silver Situation in the United States.' The writer does not enter on the general question of the double standard, but gives an account of the origin of our present silver currency, the difficulty of getting it into circulation, the issue of silver certificates, and other matters of fact connected with the subject. A careful statement as to the existing state of our currency of all kinds is also presented, so that those who have to deal with the question in any way will find here a useful repository of information. Besides these two papers the *Quarterly* has one on 'Ricardo and his Critics,' by Prof. E. C. K. Gonner, which is a vigorous and, on many points, successful defence of the English economist against his opponents. The number closes with the usual variety of Notes and Memoranda and a classified list of recent economic books.

Boston Letter

I HEAR that Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner, whose powerful story of Knickerbocker life, 'The Begum's Daughter,' has just been finished in *The Atlantic* and is soon to be published by Little, Brown & Co. has begun another American historical novel. It seems to me reason for congratulation that our literature is to have a series of compositions of this kind from an author who has shown remarkable ability in bringing out the characteristics of different periods, and investing their life and manners with living interest. His 'Agnes Surriage' established his reputation for imaginative insight into the conditions of colonial life in Boston and its vicinity a century and a half ago, and 'The Begum's Daughter' has proved his power to depict scenes and characters of a widely different nature. Mr. Bynner, indeed, is our best living historical novelist, and it is because he has supplied a want in our literature which is felt by every student of American history, that I feel a deep sense of the value of his services, and am rejoiced to hear that he is to continue working the rich vein of his peculiar literary field.

The historical novel is an invaluable aid to the right understanding of history: it gives the light and color and perspective which historians are rarely able to depict. It is their lack of capacity in this respect which, as Macaulay says, obliges us to look for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in 'The Fortunes of

Nigel.' The attempts of recent historians to portray the life of the people have not been so successful as to encourage the idea that we can afford to dispense with the work of the historical novelist. Neither in England nor the United States has history got beyond those formal descriptions of the manners and customs of the time which differ from the works of the historical novelist as a catalogue does from a picture. The spirit of our age is too subtle and evasive to be imprisoned in artificial forms; it can be caught and illustrated only by a sympathetic imagination, such as the profound but plodding investigators into musty original documents are not likely to possess. Motley was not a success as an historical novelist—there is more romance in his histories than there is in his fiction; but his experiments in bringing out the characteristics of colonial life in New England in 'Morton's Hope' and 'Merry Mount' were of signal importance in stimulating his historical imagination, upon which his literary reputation rests.

The Rev. Dr. Andrew P. Peabody has lived to such a good old age, and has been brought into such pleasant relations with distinguished people, that a book from him about them is certain to be interesting and instructive. Readers of his 'Harvard Reminiscences' will recall the attractiveness of the sketches of eminent men which he gives in that work. A new volume, entitled 'Harvard Graduates whom I have Known,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on May 10, has a similar interest. There is a flavor of reminiscence about these sketches that brings the characteristics of the period and persons depicted vividly to view. The subjects of them are Joshua Fisher, Nathan Dane, founder of the Dane Professorship in the Harvard Law School and an eminent statesman; John Pierce, John Pickering, the chief founder of American philology; William Wells, William Jenks, Daniel Appleton White, Rev. Charles Lowell, father of James Russell Lowell; Rev. Ichabod Nichols, President James Walker, Jared Sparks, the historian; Samuel Atkins Eliot, a distinguished Mayor of Boston and father of President Eliot; George Barrell Emerson, the eminent educator; Stephen Salisbury, Nathaniel Wood, Nathaniel Silsbee, Cazneau Palfrey, Samuel Hurd Walley, speaker of the National House of Representatives; Stephen Minot Weld, and Increase Sumner Wheeler. An appendix contains tributes to the first two Presidents of Harvard College, Henry Dunster and Charles Chauncy. As a contribution to the inner life of the College, Dr. Peabody's book will have a special value.

Two additional volumes of the Riverside Library for Young People will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. on May 10. One of them is 'Java, the Pearl of the East,' which gives a vivid description of the scenery of the island, its various products and the manners and customs of the people. The author is Mrs. Higginson, whose novel, 'A Princess of Java,' was published about two years ago. Having lived on the island for a long time, she is well qualified to represent its general characteristics and depict its tropical fascinations. The second addition to the Riverside Library for Young People will be 'Girls and Women,' by E. Spencer, the pseudonym of a well-known woman-teacher in Boston. It is intended as a companion book to Dr. Munger's 'On the Threshold,' which was designed for boys, and is the result of the author's experience and observations as a teacher in regard to the habits and associations, reading, and amusements of girls.

The May *Arena* opens with a photograph of the Rev. Phillips Brooks, giving his over-serious expression. Rev. Thomas Alexander Hyde has a discriminating tribute to him in which his broad sympathies and individuality of thought and expression are emphasized, while his enthusiastic optimism and hurried delivery are held to impair his usefulness. Rabbi Solomon Schindler considers 'The Divorce Problem' in an original manner, showing that the changed conditions of family life have altered those of divorce, that people marry for passionate rather than the traditional reasons for establishing a family, and that women are by no means the only sufferers from ill-assorted marriages. 'Godin's Social Palace' is shown by Laurence Grönlund to be by no means an ideal establishment, but unsocial in its character and without intellectual stimulus. Dr. Henry A. Hartt, in 'Another View of the Rum Problem,' suggests that instead of sustaining high license, we should make drunkenness a crime, and thus enlist liquor-dealers leaders in the temperance cause. 'Rock Gases' are instructively dealt with by Prof. N. S. Shaler; the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton treats of 'The Dogmatism of Science' and Prof. Alfred Hennequin, in a thoughtful paper on the 'Characteristics of the American Drama,' suggests that breaking away from French traditions and a return to earlier, or the adoption of native, sources of inspirations may be the hope of the future. 'The Gold Fields of Alaska,' by John H. Keatley, points out that the conditions of their development require large capital and intelligent management.

An interesting collection of instantaneous marine photographs, by Capt. Arthur Hamilton Clark, who is to give a 'smoke-talk'

upon them on Wednesday evening, is shown at the St. Botolph Club gallery. They are largely English subjects, yacht-races being conspicuous among them, besides views of old-time and modern men-of-war, including the Victory, Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar. Some grand ocean scenes add to the interest of the collection. Captain Clark is a well-known Bostonian who took 'Tom' Appleton's yacht, the Alice, across the Atlantic when this was a somewhat novel feat, and he was to have taken the Mayflower across had she gone in 1877. He has commanded clipper ships and East Indian and Atlantic steamers, but is now a landsman.

Mr. Francis Parkman went, a few days ago, to his summer home at Jamaica Plain for the season. There he enjoys rowing on the large pond near his house, which is the most available exercise for him, and cultivating his flower-garden. Like his brother historian, Mr. Bancroft, he fairly revels in roses. His health is better than it was last year, and he has been able to continue his historical work.

BOSTON, April 28, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

The Lounger

MAURICE THOMPSON, an athletic, out-of-doors man as well as a writer, has just said several sensible things on the subject of brain-work and food. As a rule, authors eat neither wisely nor too well. Their appetite is apt to be eccentric, even if it is not feeble. They (poets particularly) like sweet things; they eat fruit and cake late at night, and don't care much at any time for substantial viands, such as meat and vegetables. They are irregular in their hours of eating, and if they drink claret at all are very apt to put sugar in it. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule. Emerson ate pie for breakfast, it is true; but you would not catch Mr. Lowell outraging nature in that way. As to 'brain-food,' Mr. Thompson scorns the idea: there is no brain-food, he says. 'Stomach food is the only food that avails any part of the system, and this food must be of a kind that fills the veins with rich, healthy blood; then the blood fills the brain.' What is good for other men is good for the writer: bodily exercise in the open air; plenty of tender, under-done beef and mutton; fish and bread, eggs and ripe fruit (the last not oftener than once a day, he thinks). Tea or coffee he does not recommend (probably because they do not agree with him); but he does not utterly condemn wine and tobacco. He argues that the poor food and bad cooking of the South are more destructive to intellectual activity than the climate. 'If Scott had been fed on salt pork "sides" and sweet-potato pie, "Ivanhoe" would not have been worth reading,' says he; and perhaps he is right.

MR. THOMPSON (himself a Southerner) deals a blow at the reputation of Southern cooks. We at the North have been brought up to believe that no food was ever so savory as that cooked by the old Southern 'aunties.' 'Fame is one thing and wholesomeness another thing,' says Mr. Thompson. 'Beefsteak fried in lard or cotton-seed oil may taste well when highly seasoned, but it will not make pure blood; neither will bacon and fried potatoes,' nor a number of equally greasy and indigestible articles that he mentions. A friend of mine who travelled through certain parts of the South, a year or so ago, substantiates Mr. Thompson's charge. She said that she was obliged, finally, to restrict her bill-of-fare to milk and eggs, but in North Carolina couldn't get even milk.

THE NAME that is heard oftener than any other in New York nowadays is 'Carmencita.' Your true-blue Spaniard, scorning to depart from the strictest Castilian usage, pronounces it *Carmen-the-ta* (th as in *think*); young ladies with a smattering of Italian boldly express their longing to see *Carmenche-ta*; an Englishman, seeing the sights, goes to Koster & Byal's (as a matter of course) to see *Carmen-sy-ta*. But the Spanish-American says *Carmense-ta*—and so does Carmencita herself; and this may fairly be regarded as the accepted pronunciation. The name is a diminutive adopted out of compliment to a *danseuse* already renowned in Spain when the young woman who is just now 'all the rage' was first beginning to move her feet to the music of mandolins and castanets. It is a melodious name, and must have suggested grace and beauty to the Spanish ear even before it became identified with the beautiful and graceful creature who now bears it. Such popularity as Carmencita's is truly phenomenal. Fashion has claimed the little gypsy for its own; journalism has paid its tribute to her talent in countless columns of description tricked out with instantaneous photographs galore; art has laid its offering at her shrine by making her portrait the most conspicuous painting at the Society of American Artists'; and now literature is to acknowledge and increase her vogue with 'The Love-Story of Carmencita,' by Prof. Ramirez—a work of fiction supplemented with a detailed biography.

THIRTY YEARS or so ago, New York had but one Bohemian gathering-place of any note, and that was a restaurant kept in a basement in Broadway by Charles Pfaff, who died last week. Pfaff's was a famous place when Stedman, Winter, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Charles G. Leland, Henry Clapp, George Arnold, Fitz James O'Brien, Artemus Ward, and a host of other well-known writers were youngsters. Most of these men wrote for Clapp's *Saturday Press*, a brilliant but not money-making journal of short duration. The cooking was not the only thing that attracted these gifted young fellows to Pfaff's. That might have enticed them there in the first instance, but the genial host's leniency in the matter of collecting bills was a powerful inducement to the impecunious. They made his place famous; but, strange to say, after this particular coterie died or settled down into hard-working, sober-paced citizens, the new generation did not drop in and take its place. Other Bohemian resorts sprang up about the city, and Pfaff's became but a memory. No such place, however, has ever been the rendezvous of such a brilliant galaxy, nor has any place ever become so much a part of the literary history of New York.

MR. ROBERT GRAY, a well-known resident of Newark, N. J., died in that city a few days ago. Mr. Gray was an Irishman and a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. His first position in this country was a professorship at Washington Institute, New York; his last as Head-Master of the Parish School of Grace Church, Newark. So long did Mr. Gray hold this latter position, and so well-known was he in connection with it, that those who knew him better than they did the parish always spoke of it as 'Gray's Church School.'

IT IS A VERY curious thing, but it is none the less a fact, that people who are in the habit of saying sharp things about other people are the most sensitive in the world to the same sort of treatment. Mr. George Augustus Sala is an illustration of this fact. Mr. Sala has been in the habit of writing about people all his life, and saying anything that it pleased his humor to say about them. If they protested, he wondered how they could be so thin-skinned. As I have already mentioned, Mr. Harry Furniss, the humorous writer and caricaturist, printed a paragraph in *Punch*, in which he said that Charles Dickens had refused sketches made by Mr. Sala, and that the latter had sent to the Academy school a drawing which contained a figure having six toes on one foot. 'Despite these facts,' he added, 'Mr. Sala is now art-critic on the London *Daily Telegraph*.' Mr. Sala was enraged at this, and refused to accept Mr. Furniss's apology, preferring to take the case into court. After a trial which has afforded London no little amusement, he has been awarded 5*l.* damages. Personal journalism is undeniably carried to too great lengths, but the caricaturist's skit at the journalist's sexdigital figure was hardly an illustration of its abuse.

A WRITER in the Philadelphia *North American* describes Laffadio Hearn as he knew him fifteen years ago, when he earned his bread as a newspaper reporter. He was small, and appeared smaller because he stooped. Although he used his eyes constantly, being a great reader as well as a constant writer, he had but one to use, and that one very near-sighted. (No one need call my attention to the bull rampant in the above sentence: I see it as distinctly as the most Argus-eyed reader.) This is only one more of the many instances of men doing best the things that might seem to be the hardest for them to do. I have often wondered why and how this could be, and have never found any better solution of the problem than the fact that human nature has delighted to surmount physical obstacles from the days of Demosthenes to those of Laura Bridgman. The late Irwin Russell, by the way, was another inveterate reader and writer who had only one eye, and that a defective one.

WHILE I personally do not take the same view of the pictures by Mr. Bridgman as the critic of the *New York Times*, and while I admire the generous action of his fellow artists in expressing in that paper their more favorable opinion, it strikes me as a little singular that so far not one of them has seen fit to make his communication a few words longer in order to commend the general stand taken by the *Times*, through its present critic, in favor of good art, and in strengthening the hands of the very men who are now so severe in their condemnation. The path of the artist is hard; but so is the path of the conscientious critic of art. It is natural that artists should be sensitive, but I have sometimes thought that their attitude toward their best friends among literary men is not altogether gracious. They very often take not the slightest interest in any literature by their literary acquaintances except that which surrounds their own names; and they do not always sympathize with the efforts of critics to be unbiased. For my part, I think that critics should give 'conscientious workman-

ship' the benefit of the doubt. But the critic, if he is worth his salt, can not always be using the phrases of compliment. Some artists, as well as some authors, fail to see any benefit from professional criticism, anyway. But I have heard of no present movement among the artists to have the papers 'let them alone.'

I HEARD A STORY the other day which is too good not to print, though it loses something through the suppression of the names. A lady who is regarded by the editors for whom she writes as the best writer on her specialty in this country, sent a contribution to a journal to whose columns she had never before contributed. She heard nothing of its fate for some time, but one day in looking over the journal, she saw that it had been published. She waited a while longer, and then, as she still heard nothing, she wrote to the editor and intimated that she would like a cheque for the article in question, which she was pleased to see that he had accepted. This time she did not have to wait long for a reply. A letter came from the editor by return of post, informing her that there were some articles that were worth printing but were not worth paying for, and that hers was of that class!

WHERE BUT in England could a volume be published under the title of 'The Middle Class Cookery Book,' 'intended for families of moderate means'? Certainly not in America. What American housewife but would blush if caught reading a book with such a name, or housing it upon her spotless dresser? It might contain recipes to tempt the jaded palate of a Savarin, but to her less sensitive tongue the most savory dish would smack of gall and wormwood, if made according to a formula adapted to the tastes or means of people of the 'middle-class.' A thing that Americans will never understand is that any one can accept without protest an inferior rating. I once heard an Englishman, by no means illiterate, lament that he could not part his hair in the middle. 'What's to prevent?' I asked him. 'Nothing,' he replied, 'only none but the "swells" ever do it.' Fancy an American of any class admitting such an argument! The fact that 'only the swells' did a thing would be the best of reasons for *his* doing it, were he but a bar-tender or an ostler. To put 'middle-class' on an article intended for the American market would be to kill it at birth.

The Bible Warehouse and Jerome K. Jerome

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Your remarks concerning our issuing an edition of Jerome's 'Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow' convey an erroneous impression of our position in the matter. We first heard of this work through an announcement in the London *Publishers' Circular* of its successful sale in England. Thinking that it would make a good initial number for Altemus's Idle Hour Series, we cabled for copies, and on receipt of same decided to use it. After preparations for a large first edition had been made, and several large advance orders had been accepted, we heard that several other editions were in preparation; but as we had gone too far to stop without considerable loss, we concluded to go on. We did not know that Mr. Jerome had an 'accredited publisher' in this country, and though our edition may interfere with the 'accredited edition,' we shall undertake to see, so long as present prices prevail, that Mr. Jerome shall be well taken care of so far as concerns his receiving a fair share of the profits. If you were better acquainted with us, you would have communicated with us before allowing your paper to go to press with the statement that 'Mr. Jerome will now receive nothing on account of the Bible Warehouse having issued the work.' International Copyright has received no set-back in this case.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22, 1890.

HENRY ALTEMUS.

The Fine Arts

The Society of American Artists. (First Notice.)

THE TWELFTH annual exhibition of the Society of American Artists, now open at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, is beyond question the best exhibition of American pictures ever held in New York. The high average of former years has not only been maintained, but considerably raised; and there is a large number of works which need no longer be referred to as 'promising,' for the promise given in former exhibitions has in many instances been fulfilled. The portrait of the dancer 'Carmencita,' in a gorgeous yellow dress, which has been given the place of honor at the end of the larger gallery, is far from the best thing in the exhibition, or in the contribution of its painter, Mr. John S. Sargent. It is true that the worn features and professional smile of the lady, her complexion of pearl powder and paint and her superb costume are excellently done, and would make a strong impression in any

show. But Mr. Sargent has stronger, more spirited, even cleverer work in the same room. His 'Study' of an old lady in some changeable poplin stuff shot with grey and purple, with a bunch of poppies in her bosom, is a much finer bit of painting; and it is lovely in color, while the 'Carmencita' is but loud. Opposite the 'Study' hangs another portrait, of a young girl, of somewhat waxy complexion, but a very vigorous bit of work; and, in the inner room is still another portrait of a young gentleman, rather affectingly posed with a red-edged volume in his hand, whose dark, aristocratic features are sketched in with broad brush-strokes which leave hardly anything to be desired. All these are 'speaking likenesses.' The handling is miraculously clever, and suggests what a Japanese Velasquez might do; and the 'Study,' at least, is a beautiful picture.

Two large landscapes by Ruger Donohue may be said to come next to Mr. Sargent's work in attractiveness. 'November' is more or less in the manner of the French landscape-painter, Cazin; but it is sounder work and far removed from Cazin's porcelain-like prettiness. A bit of salt meadow runs inland between two strips of wood. Haystacks are piled beneath the trees, glowing with autumnal color, and their tops lit by the last rays of a warm sunset. The moon is rising in a sky full of colored haze. The other landscape, 'Grouse Cover,' is a close though broadly handled study of foreground in an oak-forest, where the reddened leaves cover the ground between grey rocks and grey tree-trunks. If 'November' is like Cazin, this is as like Courbet, and no more needs be said to show the range of this almost unknown artist. W. Lathrop, of Branchville, Conn., is another name that is new to frequenters of picture-shows. He has a single exhibit—a 'Landscape,—a green meadow shelving to a hidden stream that runs between boulders in the middle. There is a bit of dark woods to the right, and a fine sky with cumulus and stratus clouds. It is a capital bit of solid, conscientious study.

Among the figure painters, Diana seems to be a favorite subject, this year. Ernest L. Major has her, head and bust, in green and red drapery; a good type, but hardly the goddess. Will H. Low has the timid and hesitating huntress in a green forest close which he showed at the Union League Club not long ago. And Kenyon Cox has a small, full-length figure, excellent as to pose, color, drawing; again a good type, and majestic enough for the sister of Apollo, but not the one to go barefoot as he has painted her 'thorough break, thorough briar.' Mr. Cox's two other pictures, 'An Eclogue' and 'Birth of Venus,' have already been noticed in THE CRITIC, having been shown at one of the Union League Club's exhibitions. The only other picture of the nude that calls for mention is Theodore Earl Butler's 'Youth,' a life-size group of a boy and a girl somewhat older, very poetical in feeling, but a trifle weak in drawing and showing a tendency to sacrifice color to tone. Another Butler—Howard Russell, of that name—has a Venetian scene, 'Dogana di Mare,' in which the familiar architecture, the gondolas and the lateen sails take on an unfamiliar aspect. Here is something of the life, the color, the deep Italian sky of which we read but which we so seldom see reflected in pictures. Compare it, for instance, with Mr. Blum's pretty but toy-like 'Ca d'Oro.' Mr. Butler's work is luminous, powerful; Mr. Blum's sparkling but superficial.

Henry Oliver Walker has a pretty little girl, of a good American type, with her arms full of asters. J. Alden Weir has a lady in black in a grey interior, reading—an exquisite little work. Will H. Low has a pleasant illustration of the classic story about the origin of portrait-painting. Walter McEwen's 'Portrait' of a lady in white; Rosalie L. Gill's story of a mother and child, the latter amusing itself in plucking to pieces a purple orchid; Adelaide Cole's 'Portrait' of a lady in black dress and grey hat, and Edward A. Bell's 'Portrait Study of a Lady in Grey' are all remarkably clever. The last named, especially, shows very successful treatment of delicate tones and textures. Denis M. Bunker's 'Old Garden' is a careful and good study of rank foliage; but in his 'Wild Asters' he has led a stream from some dye-shop through the flowery banks of a milliner's window. Charles C. Curran has a pretty view of the 'Luminous Fountains' at the Paris Exhibition; Mr. Chase several of his mirror-like small landscapes; Benjamin R. Fitz a richly toned 'September Evening'; John H. Twachtman a simple but beautiful little river scene, 'At the Wharf'; and Irving R. Wiles has known how to make a thing of beauty of that hateful impediment to the sketcher, the 'Wire Fence.'

Art Notes

It argues an unaccountable apathy on the part of our artists, or singular mismanagement on the part of the Academy authorities, or both, that the Julius Hallgarten prizes of \$300, \$200 and \$100 each, for the best three pictures in oil-colors painted in this country by American citizens under thirty-five years of age, will not be given

this year. Fifty votes must be cast, and only thirty-seven exhibitors were present on the 23d inst. The prizes will be added to those of next year. A committee of artists awarded the Thomas B. Clarke prize of \$300, for the best American figure composition painted in the United States by an American citizen, to 'After the Ball,' by Edmund C. Tarbell of Boston. The Norman W. Dodge prize, of the same amount, for the best picture painted in the United States by a woman, was awarded to 'An Interlude to Chopin,' by A. M. Richards of Newport, R. I.

—The Metropolitan Museum of Art, which has been closed to the public since April 15, will be reopened to-day (Saturday), being lighted with electric lights for the first time at the press view from 4 to 6 o'clock and from 8 to 10 o'clock. The spring reception for the opening of the nineteenth semi-annual exhibition will take place on Monday.

—The Interstate Industrial Exposition at Chicago will be open to the public from Sept. 3 to Oct. 18. The collection will consist of a limited number of oil-paintings and water-colors by artists especially invited to contribute. Two prizes are offered for oils. Mr. Potter Palmer gives \$500 and Mr. James H. Dole \$500 for the best landscape or marine and the best figure-painting, respectively. Competing pictures must have been finished within the last three years, and the painter must be an American citizen. The Committee of Award will consist of three artists, two from New York and one from Chicago.

—The catalogue, in three parts, of the Joseph sale runs to 1460 numbers, the last including the Cosway and other miniatures, which will be sold as one lot. Among the illustrations is one of a bust of Voltaire by Houdon which, it has been suggested, may be a replica of that supposed to have been stolen from Monticello during the War. The sale will take place at Christie's May 6-9, 20-22, and June 10-13.

—The Archæological Institute of America renews its appeal for contributions to the fund of \$80,000 to buy the little town of Kastri, on the site of Delphi, Greece. About \$25,000 has been secured, and a number of Professors at Yale University, including President Dwight, sign an urgent request for aid. The Institute will contribute \$5000 annually in support of the excavations, and the work will be in charge of the American School at Athens. The Treasurer is Mr. Percival Lowell, 40 Water Street, Boston; but Prof. T. D. Seymour of Yale also will receive contributions and give further information regarding this important project.

—The Pastel Club is to continue its annual exhibitions. This year's exhibition will be held at Wunderlich's. Messrs. Chase, Blum, Twachtman, Tryon, Beckwith, Cox, Coffin, Jones and Palmer are among the members.

—The Studio of April 5 has a large phototype of the celebrated ivory casket of the Gabalda collection, said to have been presented to Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella after the discoverer's third voyage. It is a handsome box of very good Renaissance design, ornamented with bas-reliefs and a recumbent figure. It was purchased by Mr. William Schaus for \$1125. The other full-page plate is of a picture by Diaz, 'The Descent of the Gypsies.'

—A photogravure of a statue by Onslow Ford, 'The Dance,' is given as frontispiece to the April *Portfolio*. Mr. Ford is a sculptor with a strong leaning toward the decorative, and the pose of his dancer is spoiled by unnecessary drapery and a fantastic head-dress. Other statues of his which supply the illustrations to Mr. Walter Armstrong's critique are 'The Singer,' mounted on a curious baluster-shaped pedestal; 'Music'; and 'Gordon,' which has vastly more of camel and trappings than of heroic humanity. With No. 4. of W. Clark Russell's series 'Down Channel,' is a photogravure of a fine sketch of 'Waves off the Start Light,' by Henry Moore, A. R. A. Sketches of ironclads, fishing boats and old-fashioned men-of-war further illustrate the article. Mr. Page's screen on the Highlands of West Somerset takes us to Porlock, with a drawing by Alfred Dawson, and to Dunster Castle and Mine Head, which are etched by the same artist. The new Doulton marquetry ware is illustrated and described at length by A. H. Church.

—The May *Magazine of Art* is a Robert Browning number. There is an article by Wm. Rossetti on the portraits of the poet, and several of them are copied—the portrait by Gordigiani, painted about 1854; the medallion by Woolner (1856); Field Talfourd's drawing made at Rome, and the drawing by R. Lehmann, the last two dated 1859. There is also a very pleasing portrait of Mrs. Browning, after a pencil-drawing by the last named artist done in the same year. The strange old town of Hameln, the scene of the 'Pied Piper' legend, is described by Katherine M. Macquoid with pen-drawings of its gabled Oster-Strasse, the Rattenfänger Hans and the Children's Hill. The frontispiece is an excellent etching by Rajon of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Lord Heathfield, the

smoke of battle rolling up behind him. The other full-page plate is a wood-cut of Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Lady Selina Meade.' Many curious examples of modern Venetian glass are illustrated to accompany an article by M. A. Wallace-Dunlop on the processes of their manufacture; and J. E. Hodgson reviews the pictures in the National Gallery representing the Passion of Our Lord.

International Copyright

EX-JUDGE WILLIAM HENRY ARNOUX, head of the law-firm of Arnoux, Ritch & Woodford, counsel for the secret opponents of International Copyright, writes to the *Tribune*, in contradiction of the editor of *The Century*, that we do not steal foreign literature and do not put a Chinese wall against foreign art. We should be glad to think that the wish was father to the thought; but it really is the theft of foreign literature that enables Mr. Arnoux's clients to retain his services as their spokesman before Congressional committees and in the daily press. The gentleman's task is a thankless one, however profitable it may be in a pecuniary sense; and the distinguished advocate has made himself the target for many a keen shaft. The *Tribune* itself 'sits down upon' him in a way that he can hardly relish; and Chairman Eggleston of the American Copyright League adds his weight to the superincumbent mass. We quote a brief passage from Dr. Eggleston's letter on the subject:—

When I found two years ago that a member of Mr. Arnoux's firm was working with great secrecy against International Copyright, I called upon one of the partners with whom I was acquainted, and requested to know the motive of their opposition. I was frankly told that the firm did not claim to hold any convictions in opposition to our measure, but that they had a client who believed himself to have interests jeopardized by the bill, and that it was 'merely a matter of law business.' Thinking that some minor modification of the bill might obviate the client's objections, I begged to know his name, but was refused. This spring, when questioned before the Judiciary Committee, I am told that Judge Arnoux gave as his ostensible client a printer in Philadelphia, of whom nobody had ever heard, and whose entire assets, let us hope, may possibly equal the fees of the firm in this matter, and who could hardly have had any possible motives for two years of secrecy.

The *Tribune* editorial is best given in full:—

According to Judge Arnoux, who has represented the opponents of International Copyright at Washington and in the letter published in Tuesday's *Tribune*, it is 'ignoble treatment of literature' to require that foreign Books copyrighted in this country shall be manufactured here. This statement, coming from the opposition to the Copyright bill, will interest the typographical unions, and those members of Congress who have feared that this bill might injure the book-printing trade. It will be remembered that the clause in the proposed bill forbidding the sale of foreign editions and plates of copyrighted works is in accordance with the present domestic Copyright law. Must we infer that even the domestic Copyright law has fallen under the ban? It seems necessary to supply certain omissions in Judge Arnoux's letter. The Copyright bill does not erect a 'Chinese wall' against foreign literature, as its opponents well know. On the contrary, the bill invites and encourages foreign literature by offering to foreign authors an honest market for their work. It may be 'ignoble treatment of literature' to pay its makers for the products of their brains, but even the opponents of copyright have been reluctant to assert in so many words that the noble treatment of literature is to steal it.

Judge Arnoux fails to point out that the Copyright bill permits the importation of 'books in foreign languages of which only translations in English are copyrighted,' and that it permits the importation of not more than two copies of copyrighted books with the consent of the proprietors of the copyright. His argument may not be founded upon a misapprehension, but we are aware that the well-trained legal mind is capable of distinctions finer than those possible to most of us, and we need simply say that the tenor of his letter and of certain arguments at Washington is likely to cause a misapprehension in the minds of others. This, we are sure, Judge Arnoux would regret. He would regret to be construed as advocating theft, but when he says that 'we do not steal foreign literature' he shows either extraordinary forgetfulness or a phenomenal indifference to the significance of acts and words. So long as stealing continues to be stealing, the moral side of this question will not be open to argument. And so long as business is conducted upon recognizable principles, a willingness to pay a foreign author for his work, instead of stealing it, will bring that work to this country instead of 'absolutely excluding' it.

On Thursday evening, April 24, the Twilight Club considered the question of International Copyright. Nearly all the speakers talked strongly in its favor, so few seeming opposed to it that the proceedings scarcely amounted to a debate, being rather a discussion of one side of the question. Among the speakers were Joel Benton, E. B. Whitney, Capt. John Codman, John B. Leavitt, George Haven Putnam and James A. Whitney.

A special despatch to *The Evening Post* says that Dr. Edward Eggleston is in Washington, in behalf of the Copyright League,

trying to have a day fixed for the consideration of the International Copyright bill in the House. 'There seems to be a sufficient number of votes which can be depended on to pass the measure if it can once be got up; but the pressure for political legislation is so great, and the desire so great to push the absolutely necessary work of the session through so as to get an early adjournment, that the Committee on Rules do not feel willing to side-track anything else for the present in order to set a day for copyright.'

[*The Saturday Review*]

THE DISREGARD of English copyright by many American publishers is notoriously distasteful to American men-of-letters. Their conscience and their interest are alike opposed to the misdeeds of their buccaneers. But, occasionally, they make a feeble effort to comfort themselves by saying that we are not much better than their own unscrupulous booksellers. A beautiful example of this may be read in the New York *CRITIC*. That journal for February 22 has discovered an English crime:—'It may interest some Englishman who sees only American piracy, and who does not believe that any Englishman would ever be guilty of such a thing, to glance at the February number of a little trade-paper, called "it matters not what"—and published in London. It contains a full page, cut from *The Century* article on the Grolier Club, with several mangled paragraphs from the same essay, printed without the author's name, and so arranged as to appear consecutive.' Other daring piracies of the same kind are charged against this little organ of a limited trade. We do not, unluckily, need this instance to convince us that Englishmen can be pirates, if they get the chance and find something worth stealing. Longfellow, Poe, all the men of the best American generation, were freely preyed upon in England, exactly as English authors are now treated in America. The publisher of that country has no monopoly of vice. But the point is, that an American is able to take certain measures for the protection of his literary property in England, whereas an Englishman can do nothing whatever that will protect his property in America. He is lucky if his proof-sheets are not somehow obtained before his book comes out even at home. The state of the English law of copyright, as far as Americans are concerned, is far from perfect, but it seems to protect all American authors who take certain precautions. That is a great deal better than absolute lack of protection.

Now, turn from the cutting-out expedition of a little English trade journal and admire the scale on which America does business. The Pirates (or 'Cheap Reprinters') are 'organizing a trust,' according to *The Commercial Advertiser*. 'George Munro, John B. Alden, and John W. Lovell appear to be at the head of the new trust. . . . George Munro has gone into the trust on very advantageous terms. He is to get 5000*l.* a year for three years for the rent of his plates, and then will sell them to the trust for 250,000*l.*' This is pretty well, this is what we call robbery, and when it comes to a million of dollars the offences of a tiny English trade journal, though inexcusable morally, do not seem very monstrous financially. It seems that an American firm prints a City Directory for six weeks every year. As it is a pity to let the types lie idle, they are employed to keep up a perpetual stream of 'cheap reprints' from the English. No wonder that American authors dislike this absurd competition between the unpaid Englishman and the American who needs to be paid. He cannot compete, however 'subtle' and 'exquisite' and 'delicate' he may be thought, with the British romance, which can be had for nothing. Our evil communications, at this rate, cannot but corrupt American good manners, while we suffer little from the obscure excesses of a small trade journal. The contrast thus displayed in the proportions of piracy can be of very little consolation to any American man-of-letters. Indeed, what is done on our side seems trivial compared with the golden gains of George Munro and other harpies more or less respectable.

Browning's Prose Life of Strafford

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* to assert Robert Browning's right to almost the whole of the Life of Strafford that has hitherto gone under the name of the late John Forster, in the second volume of the lives of Eminent British Statesmen in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, pp. 178-411, with the Strafford Appendix pp. 412-421:—

This volume was published in 1836. John Forster wrote the Life of Eliot, the first in the volume, and began that of Strafford. He then fell ill; and as he was anxious to produce the book in the time agreed on Browning offered to finish Strafford for him on his handing over all the material he had accumulated for it. Forster was greatly relieved by Browning's kindness. The poet set to work, completed Strafford's life on his own lines, in accordance with his own conception of Strafford's

character, but generously said nothing about it till after Forster's death. Then he told a few of his friends—me among them—of how he had helped Forster. On my telling Prof. Gardiner of this, I found that he knew it, and had been long convinced that the conception of *Strafford* in this Lardner Life was not John Forster's, but was Robert Browning's. The other day Prof. Gardiner urged me to make the fact of Browning's authorship public; and I do so now, though I have frequently mentioned it to friends in private; and at the Browning Society, when a member has said 'It is curious how closely Browning has followed his authority, Forster's Life of *Strafford*,' I have answered 'Yes, because he wrote it himself.' We thus understand why, when Macready asked Browning, on May 26, 1836, to write him a play, the poet suggested *Strafford* as its subject; and why, the Life being finished in 1836, the play was printed and played in 1837. The internal evidence will satisfy any intelligent reader that almost all the prose Life is the poet's.

Dr. Furnivall makes a number of striking extracts from the Life, and exclaims:—

Are these and like passages by John Forster? No! They are Robert Browning's. Plenty of others have his mark, especially those passages analyzing and philosophizing on character. I have appealed to Messrs Smith & Elder to reprint this Life of *Strafford* with an introduction by Prof. Gardiner; but I suppose that there is no copyright in it, as it has always gone under John Forster's name. Assuredly all students of Browning should have this Life on their shelves. I should say that Forster did not write more than the first four pages of it, and that Browning began with 'James I. came to this country in an ecstasy of infinite relief,' on page 182.

The Washington Memorial Arch

THE PARK COMMISSIONERS having given their consent to the erection of the Arch in Washington Square, last Wednesday (April 30) was selected by the Committee as the date for breaking ground for the foundation. Prof. Charles E. Brush reports that it will be necessary to go only ten feet below the surface for a solid base. The corner-stone will be laid with appropriate exercises on Decoration Day; but the principal ceremonies will be reserved to mark the completion of the work. The following contributions, from April 23 to 28, inclusive, increased the fund in Treasurer Stewart's hands to \$76,581.19:—

\$100:—The Misses Cooper.
\$25:—Silas Davis.
\$10 each:—Charles L. Vath, through Mrs. C. L. Vath; Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler; Miss Georgina Schuyler.
\$5.50:—Cash, through the *Sun*.
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\$2.25:—A few Bank Clerks.

Notes

MR. WARD MCALLISTER'S forthcoming book, 'Society as I have Found It,' will be published in the early fall by the Cassell Publishing Company. The plan of the book is well set forth in the title. Mr. McAllister gives us the manners and customs of good society in the form of personal reminiscences. Accustomed to association with what is now known as the 'smart set' from his earliest days, and having been a social leader ever since he entered society, there is no one better qualified than he to write upon this subject. He begins with his youth in the South; then takes us across the continent in the early days of San Francisco; thence to Europe, where for several seasons, off and on, he lived with his eyes open, attending balls and banquets of royalty as well as of the nobility and gentry; thence back to New York and Newport, where he initiated his fellow-citizens in the mysterious art of entertaining. Mr. McAllister writes with a trenchant pen, and while he talks of the people he has met during the course of his life, he dexterously avoids the mention of names; and there will be nothing in his book to offend the most fastidious. That it will prove entertaining goes without saying.

—A death-notice in the daily papers that has attracted some attention during the past few days reads as follows: 'Killed, while hunting on the Gaboon River, Africa, on April 21, Frank Linsley James of London, son of the late Daniel James of Liverpool, aged 39 years. Mr. James was a man of wealth with a taste for travel and adventure which led him into nearly every quarter of the globe. He was an author, also, his first volume having been published by Dodd, Mead & Co. in 1883. It was entitled 'The Wild Tribes of the Soudan,' and was illustrated with forty full-page illustrations and elaborate maps from actual surveys. Over a great part of the country explored by the author no white man had ever trod, so

that the work was a veritable addition to geographical knowledge. The book was made in this country (all the illustrations being engraved here), and afterwards published in England. Much more recently Mr. James had published the results of his travels in another part of the Dark Continent—'The Unknown Horn of Africa.' In this book were published many beautiful plates in color, representing hitherto unknown species of plants, butterflies, birds, etc. Mr. James was known to many Americans. He had started with a party of friends in his yacht for an extended tour, and it is understood was murdered by one of the hired natives of his party.

—Mr. Stanley has written a long letter to Fords, Howard & Hulbert, publishers of 'An Appeal to Pharaoh,' in which he acknowledges receipt of a copy of that book, and says:—

There is space enough in one section of the Upper Congo basin to locate double the number of the Negroes of the United States without disturbing a single tribe of the aborigines now inhabiting it. I refer to the immense Upper Congo Forest Country, 350,000 square miles in extent, which is three times larger than the Argentine Republic, and one-and-a-half times larger than the entire German Empire, embracing 224,000,000 acres of unbrageous forest land, wherein every unit of the 7,000,000 negroes might become the owner of nearly a quarter square mile of land. . . . If the emigration was prudently conceived and carried out, the glowing accounts sent home by the first settlers would soon dissipate all fear and reluctance on the part of the others. But it is all a dream. The American capitalists, like other leaders of men, are more engaged in decorating their wives with diamonds than in busying themselves with national questions of such import as removing the barrier between the North and the South. The 'open sore' of America—the race question—will ever remain an incurable fester.

—An article on the 'Opening of the Base-ball Season of 1890,' accompanied by twenty-eight portraits of leading players, and other illustrations, will appear in to-day's *Harper's Weekly*. 'The New York Ladies' Club' is the subject of an article by Mary Gay Humphreys in this week's *Bazar*.

—The author of 'No Gentlemen,' 'Dearly Bought,' 'A Sane Lunatic,' etc., is not Miss but Mrs. Clara Louise Burnham; and she is understood to be as proud (if not prouder) of being the daughter of Dr. George F. Root, best known by his war-songs, 'Tramp, Tramp,' etc., as of having written the excellent stories with which her name is connected.

—Mr. O'Brien, the Home Ruler, writes that the Longmans edition of his novel, 'When We Were Boys,' is the only one by whose sale in this country he benefits in any way.

—Zola's next book will be called 'Money.' 'Ah!' he exclaims, 'with all its brutality, what a superb force it is.' The subject, he adds, is a difficult one to write a novel on, and has given him no end of trouble. 'It is so cold, so sordid a theme. I know only one novel on money which can be really called interesting, and that is Balzac's "Grandeur et Décadence de César Biroteau." All the others are wearisome.'

—William Morris is writing a novel of adventure.

—'Corn and Poppies,' a new volume of verse by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, perhaps best known to American readers as an critic, will be published shortly in London by Mr. Elkin Mathews. A large-paper edition will contain a frontispiece etched by Mr. William Strang.

—Mr. Joseph Hatton's new novel, 'By Order of the Tsar,' which has been prohibited in Russia, appears this week in London. Mr. Hatton gives his authorities for the story and incidents in a note. 'Perhaps it is this to which the Russian censor objects,' says 'G. W. S.' The Jews and their persecutions figure in this novel, as well as in the diaries of Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore, publication of which is delayed in England that the book may appear simultaneously in America.

—Last Wednesday was appointed by the Fellowcraft Club as a ladies' day for an exhibition of the Steinert collection of keyed instruments, precursors of the piano-forte (clavichords, a harpsichord, early forms of the piano and concert-grands of Mozart's and Beethoven's time). Mr. Krehbiel was on hand to explain the mysteries of the instruments to his own guests and those of other members of the Club. A lecture on 'The Precursors of the Piano-forte' was arranged to be given by Mr. Krehbiel in Steinway Hall on Friday evening, illustrated with the same collection of instruments.

—'Gettysburg, and Other Poems,' by Isaac R. Pennypacker, containing the poem read by the author at the dedication of the Pennsylvania Monuments on the battlefield of Gettysburg, in September last, is issued by Porter & Coates.

—Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich's novel, 'The Second Son,' will be reprinted on May 10, in the Riverside Paper Series.

—A new edition of Trelawny's 'Adventures of a Younger Son' will be published immediately by Macmillan & Co., forming the first volume of the Adventure Series. A cheap edition of 'Tom Brown's School Days,' limited to 100,000 copies, is announced by the same house. It will be uniform in style with their paper-covered editions of Kingsley's Novels, of which over a million copies have been sold in the past six months.

—Two copies of the first (Kilmarnock) edition of Burns's poems will be sold at Sotheby's this month. Mr. Edmund Yates cables to the *Tribune* that the longest and perhaps most varied sale of books which is to take place this season is that of Sir Edward Sullivan, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The sale will extend over twenty-five days, beginning May 19.

The Aldines and Elzevirs make together several hundred volumes. Many are in rare condition and comprise the finest issues from those presses. There are also Baskervilles of the finest. There is Lord Bacon's Essays, in manuscript, 1597; a volume of Southey's correspondence; Lord Byron's works, almost complete, in first editions; the Bible, bound by Roger Payne, which is described as his most tasteful and elegant piece of work; the Holinshead 'Chronicles,' first edition, 1577. Of Shakespeares there is a copy each of the second, third and fourth impressions. Another interesting book is Mme. de Sévigné's Letters.

—Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who is an authority on the early history of this city, will read a paper before the Historical Society, on the evening of May 6, on 'The Golden Age of Colonial New York.'

—The Harpers are to issue a portrait of ex-President Cleveland in the series of likenesses of noted men which already includes Bishop Potter, Joseph Jefferson, Chauncey M. Depew, George Jones, and others. It is drawn by Arthur Jules Goodman, who has sailed for Europe in the interests of the *Weekly*.

—At the book-reception and tea in the library of the Young Women's Christian Association, on Friday of last week, guests were invited to bring 'a book,' but many of them brought more than one so that some 1200 volumes were added to the library.

—'The Many Not the Few' is the motto on the artistic book-mark designed for the Chautauqua-Century Press of Meadville, Pa.—a new publishing-house, of which Theodore L. Flood is President and Business Manager and George E. Vincent Literary Editor. Dr. Flood has long been, and will continue to be, both editor and publisher of *The Chautauquan*; and Mr. Vincent, son of Chautauqua's Chancellor, Bishop Vincent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has devoted himself to the service of the C. L. S. C. since his graduation at Yale College a few years ago. The publications of the new concern will not be limited to the required books of the Circle. 'Negotiations have been begun with authors in this country and in England for novels, historical and sociological essays, and other forms of writing, all vigorous, timely, and new in character and treatment.' And the gratifying announcement is made that 'foreign books will be reproduced only by arrangement with authors or publishers.' Mr. Habberton's new story, 'All He Knew,' will be ready on June 15; and Prof. Alfred Church is writing a story of Greek life for Messrs. Flood & Vincent which is to be a novel first and incidentally a text-book also.

—A volume of prose-poems by the late Emile Hennequin, author of 'La Critique Scientifique,' is to be published in France. The American public has an opportunity to judge of these poems be-

fore the French, for Mme. Hennequin selected six for Mr. Stuart Merrill to translate and include in the 'Pastels in Prose,' recently published by Harper & Bros.

—Mr. Percival Chubb lectured before members of the Brooklyn Institute on Wednesday of last week on 'Robert Louis Stevenson and the Romantic Revival.' 'Matthew Arnold and the Development of a Broader Ideal of Life' were the subjects chosen for his lecture on Wednesday last.

—Mr. Howells's juvenile serial, 'A Boy's Town,' now running in *Harper's Young People*, has led the Ohio papers to raise the question which of the towns in the State the author had in mind when writing the story. Dayton or Hamilton is supposed to answer his descriptions, although the Dayton *Herald* confesses that he must have been thinking of 'a Dayton with a halo of poetry around it,' and not 'the commonplace Dayton which the unimaginative citizen beholds.'

—A friend recently asked Charles Dudley Warner to write his name in a copy of 'My Summer in a Garden.' Mr. Warner complied, and added: 'If you follow the precepts of this treatise on morals, you may never be a gardner, but you may get to heaven.'

—Estes & Lauriat have in press an authorized translation of Camille Flammarion's astronomical romance, 'Urania,' illustrated with half-tone cuts from drawings by French artists.

—Prof. Henry Drummond will occupy a portion of his time on the voyage to Australia and his return to England in preparing a volume dealing with Christianity in the light of evolution—a sort of sequel to 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.'

—Mr. J. E. C. Bodley has undertaken to write for Messrs. Macmillan a comprehensive work on France, following the same lines as Mr. Bryce's book on 'The American Commonwealth' or Sir Charles Dilke's 'Problems of Greater Britain.'

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notices of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

- Behrends, A. J. F. The Philosophy of Preaching. \$1.00. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Blackmar, F. W. Spanish Colonization in the Southwest. 50c.
Bryant, Wm. M. The World Energy and its Self-Conservation. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Univ.
Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Finerty, J. F. War-Path and Bivouac. \$5.00. Chicago: Ill.
Fisher, G. P. Nature and Method of Revelation. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Flammarion, C. Urania. Tr. by M. J. Serrano. 50c. Cassell Pub. Co.
Gildersleeve, B. L. Essays and Studies. Baltimore: N. Murray.
Gosse, Edmund. Robert Browning: Personalia. 75c. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hall, Hubert. Society in the Elizabethan Age. \$3.00. Macmillan & Co.
Harrison, Lewis. A Strange Infatuation. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Herbert, H. A. Noted Men on the Solid South. \$1.00. Baltimore: R. H. Woodward & Co.
Herrick, C. T. Liberal Living Upon Narrow Means. \$1.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Juno, Mme. The Gipsy Queen Dream Book. 10c. Excelsior Pub. House.
Landor, W. S. Pericles and Aspasia. 2 vols. \$3.75. Macmillan & Co.
Meissner, A. L. Practical Lessons in German Conversation. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mombert, J. I. Hand-Book of the English Versions of the Bible. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.
Nichols, G. W. Giving in One's Life-Time. Bridgeport, Conn.
O'Brien, Wm. When We Were Boys. \$1.50. Longmans, Green & Co.
Perry, Bliss. The Broughton House. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Poole, H. M. How to use Fruits. Fowler & Wells.
Robinson, Alfred. California: An Historical Poem. San Francisco: Wm. Doney.
St. Aubyn. Trollope's Dilemma. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Wood, T. Rev. J. G. Wood. His Life and Work. \$2.50. Cassell Pub. Co.

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